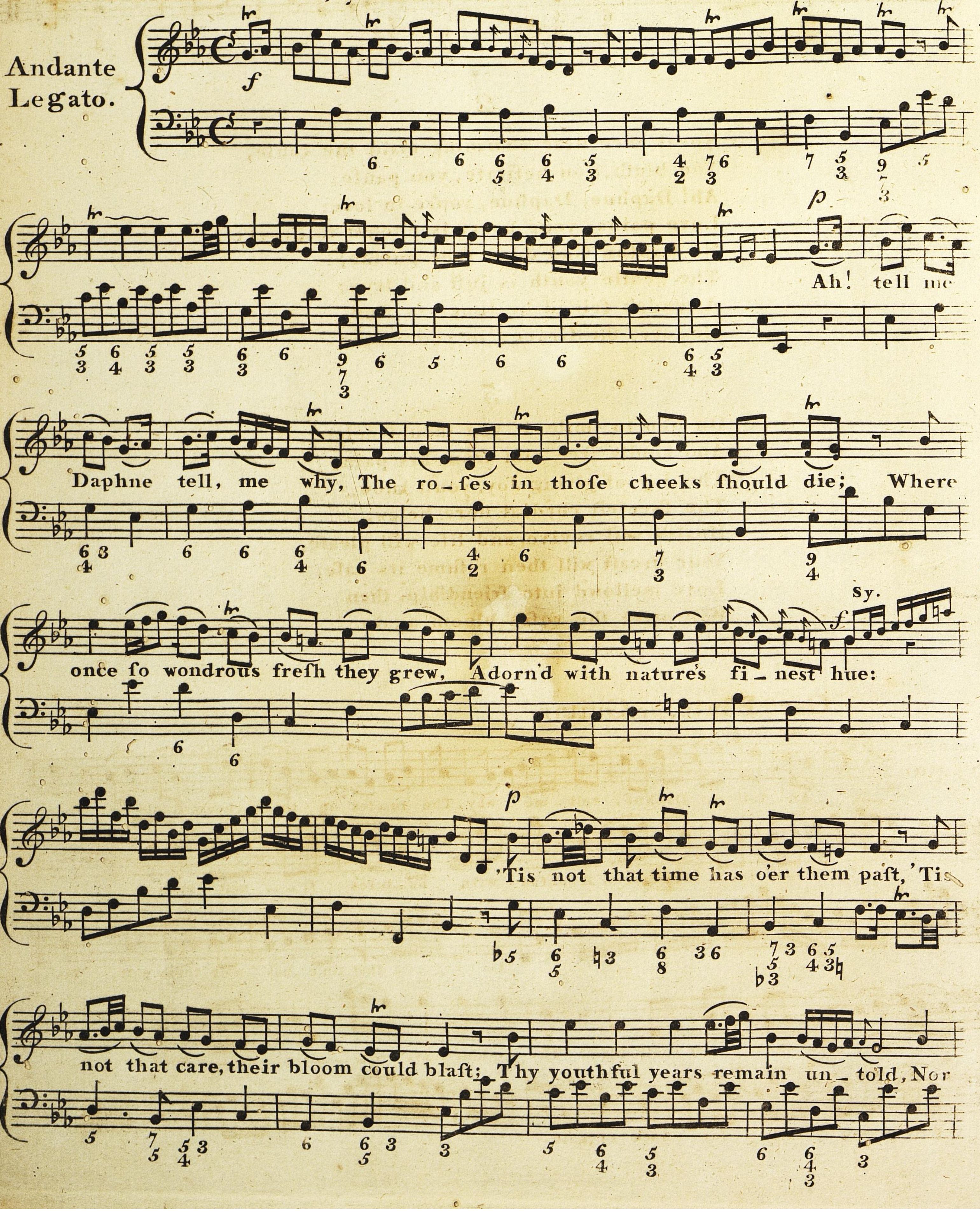
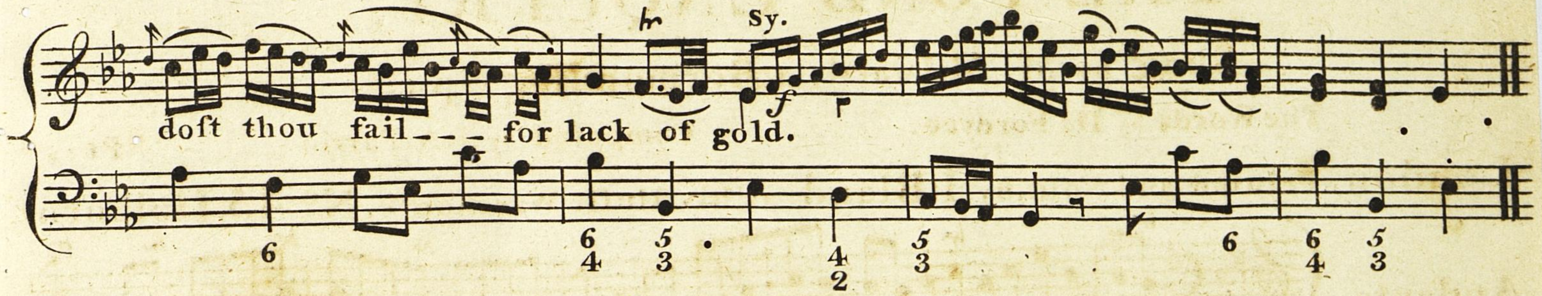
THE FOND ENQUI'RY.

Sung by Mr. Milward, at Bermondsey Spa.

The Words by Dr. Fordyce. Composed by I. A. Parrin. Pr: 6d.

London. Printed and Sold, by I: Bland. at his Music Warehouse, No. 45. Holborn.

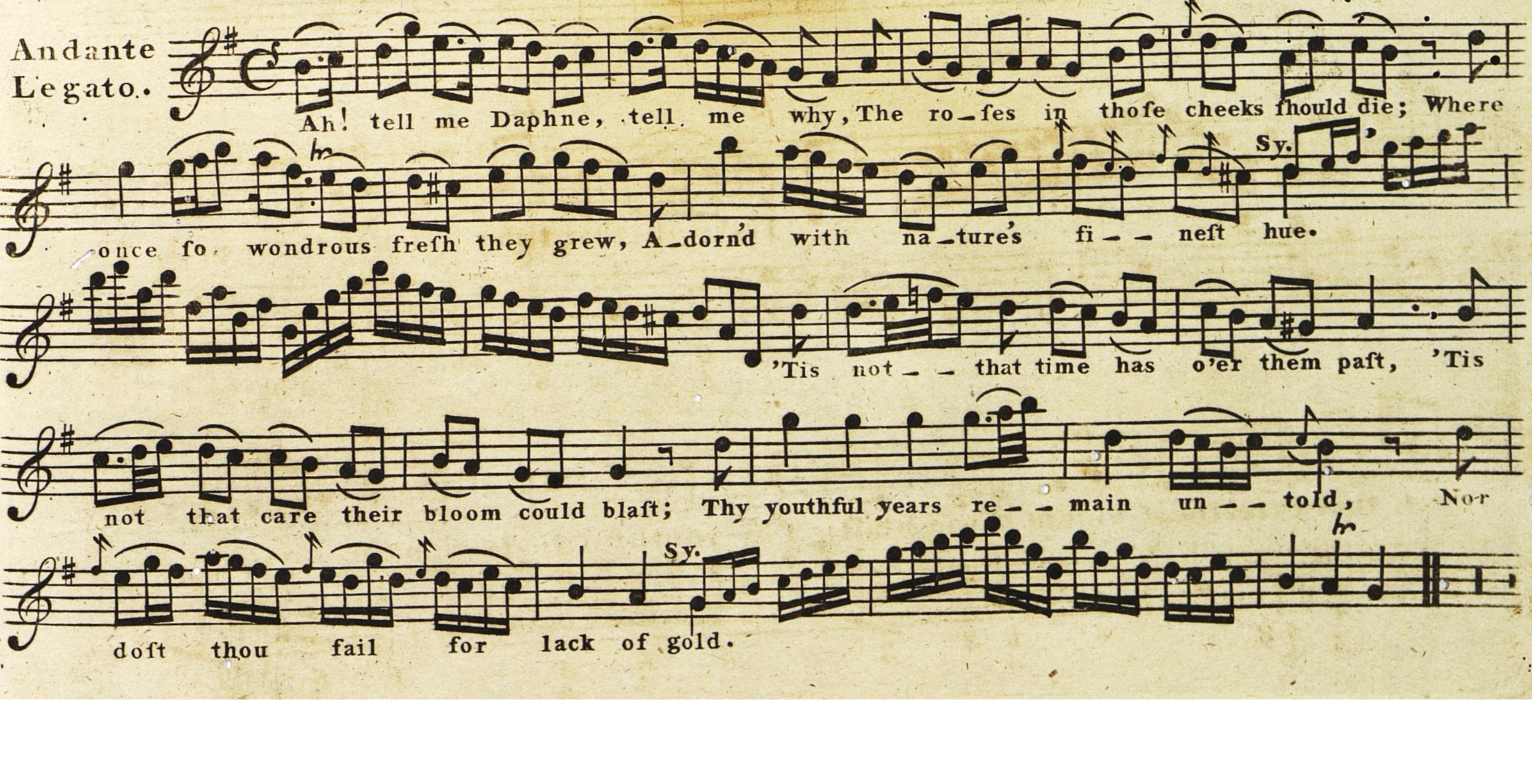




2

Speak then, dear charming maid the cause,
You blush, you hesitate, you pause;
Ah! Daphne, Daphne, you're in love;
Love pains, your heart is doom'd to prove:
No wanton God does thee pursue,
The gentle youth is just and true;
A tender friend he longs to find,
He loves the Graces in your mind.

3

On him to smile, if you should deign,
And kindly free him from his pain;
The Joy of giving Joy, you'll know,
The sweetest cordial here below:
Health will revive, and life will please,
Your breast will then resume its ease;
Love mellow'd into friendship, then
Will make the roses bloom again.

Gerⁿ Flute, or Guitar.